

*Miss Emma Long*  
*a philippina*  
*from*  
*Manila*

# Mark I hear an angel sing

Beautiful Ballad

AS SUNG

BY

## J. FARRENBURG.

PIANO.

GITAR.

CLEVELAND

Published by S. BRAINARD & Co 77 Superior St.

Entered according to act of Congress of 1856 by S. Brainard in the Clerk's Office of the Dist. Court of Ohio

OLIVER DITSON Boston.

FIRTH, POND & Co N. York.



*The first Song***HARK I HEAR AN ANGEL SING.**

Poetry by W. C. B.

Music by R. G. Shriver.

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in E-flat major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand and a melody in the right hand. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'Hark I hear an Angel sing'. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern. The lyrics 'An - gels now are on the wing, And their voices singing clear,' are followed by the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'Tell us that the spring is near, Dost thou hear them gentle one Dost thou' are followed by the piano accompaniment. The score is written on four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in E-flat major, 4/4 time, and the tempo is marked 'Andante'.

Hark I hear an Angel sing

An - gels now are on the wing, And their voices singing clear,

Tell us that the spring is near, Dost thou hear them gentle one Dost thou



see the glo - rious sun Ris - ing higher in the sky As each

*rall.* day, as each day it passes by. . . . *a tempo.* Hark I hear an angel sing,

An - gels now are on the wing, And their voices singing clear,

Tell us that the spring is near.



3<sup>d</sup> Look, oh look the southern

8<sup>va</sup> loco 2<sup>d</sup> Just beyond yon cliff of

sky, Mir - rors flow'rs of ev'ry die; Chil - dren tripping o'er the

snow, Sil - ver rivers brightly flow; Smil - ing woods and fields are

plain Spring is coming back a - gain, Spring is coming, shouts of

seen, Man - tled in a robe of green; Birds and bees and brooks and

glee, Singing birds on bush and tree, And the bees with their merry

flow'rs, Tell us all of ver - nal hours. There the birds are weaving

*rall.*



hums, For the spring time comes, it comes it comes. . . . Hark! I hear an angel<sup>5</sup>  
*rall.* *a tempo.*

lays For the happy the happy spring time days. . . . Just beyond yon cliff of

sing, An - - gels now are on the wing, And their voices singing  
 snow, Sil - ver rivers brightly flow; Smil - ing woods and fields are

clear, Tell us that the spring is near.  
 seen Man - tled in a robe of green.

*rall.*



W. B. & B. BALLARD  
DISTINGUISHED COMPOSERS  
OF THE  
MUSIC OF THE  
THEATRE

Wm. B. Ballard